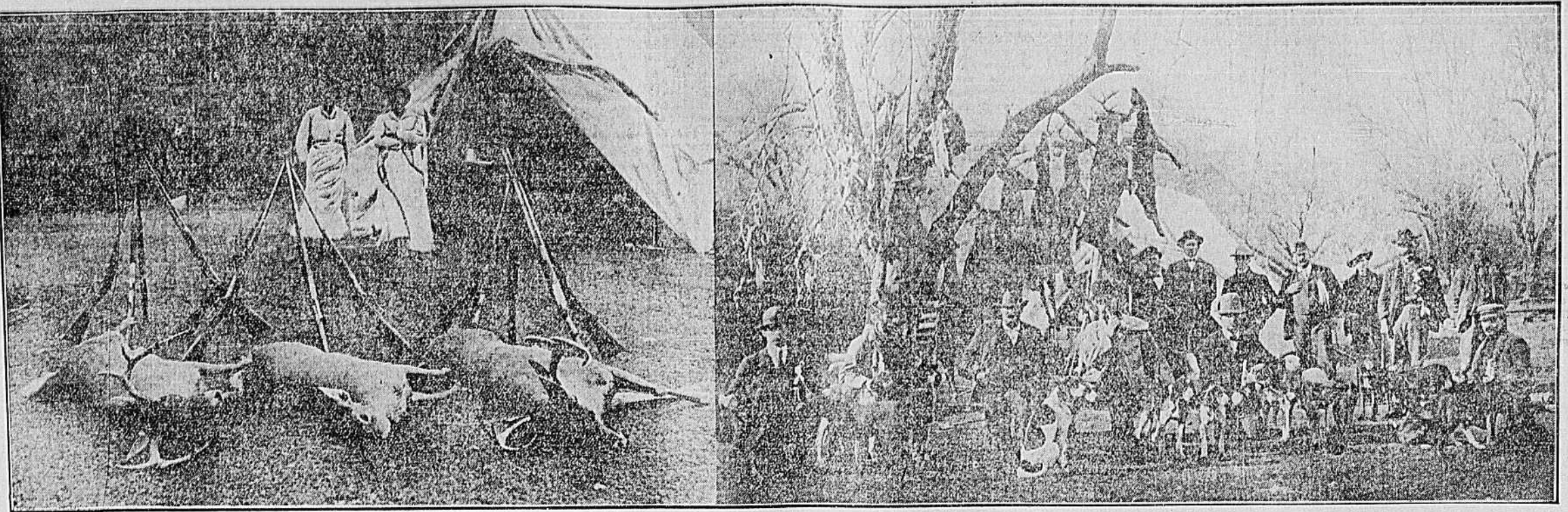


JACKSON RIVER HUNT CLUB AFTER THREE DAYS' HUNT



TWO COOKS AND THREE FINE KILLS.

M. O'FARRELL, C. A. FUDGE, DR. E. A. POLE, W. A. J. L. BLAKEY, A. STORTER.

HOOVER, L. C. ALPIN, T. SURBER, ANDREW FUDGE, PERCY ALPIN, J. F. LOWMAN, A. STORTER.

(Special to the Times-Dispatch.)
COVINGTON, VA., July 25.—The Jackson River Hunt Club was organized September 27, 1902, and is composed of a number of hunters from Albemarle and Bath counties. The following names are officers: J. L. Blakey, of Hot Springs, president; Andrew Fudge, of Covington, vice-president; and Dr. E. A. Pole, of Hot Springs, secretary and treasurer. The other members of the club are—From Hot Springs: Dr. H. S. Pole, C. Alpin, W. A. Hoover, T. M. Jordan, C. D. Gillette, C. W. Richardson, J. F. Lowman, J. W. Hamilton, and Percy Alpin; from Covington: Charles Muffett, E. M. Nettleton, J. T. Fudge; from Mountain Grove: M. O'Farrell; and from Clifton Forge: C. A. Fudge.

Not all the members of the club appear in the picture in which they are assembled under the tree, in which the

same is hanging. Named from left to right, the men in the foreground are: M. O'Farrell, C. A. Fudge, Dr. E. A. Pole, W. A. Hoover, L. C. Alpin, T. Surber, not a member; Andrew Fudge, Ed. Warren, not a member; J. L. Blakey. The tenth man is one of the starters. Next in order are Percy Alpin, J. F. Lowman, and another starter.

About a year and a half ago the Jackson River Hunt Club purchased a fine farm in Bath county, twelve miles from Hot Springs. The farm consists of 42,000 acres of land, and is situated in one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of Virginia. The farm was bought and improved at a cost of over \$20,000. Five hundred acres are in cultivation, and the same number of acres are covered with grass. The rest of the farm is made up of stretching fields and woodlands. The farm is adapted to all kinds of hunt-

ing, as both small and large game is very plentiful.

Jackson River runs through the farm, and is well stocked with bass. A fine stream, filled with brook trout, flows through the fields also, making the farm an attractive place for the fisherman as well as for the huntsman.

THE LODGE.

Near the center of the farm, and about two hundred yards from the river, is the hunt lodge. This building possesses considerable local historical interest. The house was built in 1851 by Judge Warwick, who used it as a dwelling. The land patent to the land on which the house stands is dated 1765. The house itself is built after the old Virginia colonial style, being a large square building, with massive pillars in front. Large rooms on both sides of a spacious hall make a very commodious interior. A

yard, filled with bushes and trees, surrounds the house, a long walk leading from the front gate to the main entrance. From the front porch a beautiful view may be had of the surrounding country. Rolling fields stretch in every direction towards the woods, behind which the mountains extend as far as the eye can see.

The house is now fitted up as a hunt lodge, the interior being decorated with pictures of animals and trophies of the hunt. The house is occupied by tenants, who make preparation for entertaining the club when they come on their annual expeditions. The club is well equipped in every other respect. In addition to the guns and other hunting outfit, owned by the individual members, the club has also twenty-four deerhounds and bird dogs.

Since the organization of the club two

hunting trips have been made. The first was in October, 1902. At that time four deer were killed, in addition to a good deal of smaller game. Last year, beginning November 24th, the club engaged in a three days' hunt. Considerable game was killed at that time. In less than three days, eight deer, 150 partridges, seventy-eight hares, eighteen pheasants and twenty-two turkeys were killed and brought to the hunt lodge. Plans have been made for two hunting trips this fall, to last one week each. The club will meet at the hunt lodge November 24 and again December 7th.

Every one knows that a good cook is indispensable to a hunting party, especially when it becomes necessary to spend the night away from the hunt lodge. The club is always accompanied by two cooks and a waiter when on a hunting expedition. Men to act as guides and "starters"

are gotten from among the farm hands and people living near the club's farm.

EVENINGS IN CAMP.

Although the most exciting events occur when the club is engaged in the pursuit of game, possibly the times most enjoyed by all are the evenings spent in camp. The same things which hunters have always enjoyed in the hours spent in camp are sources of entertainment for the Jackson River Hunt Club. First, the experiences of the day are briefly gone over and notes are compared. Possibly some one will tell of former hunts in which he has taken part. Then, too, a certain number of jokes must be told, after which several of the club will play on

violin and guitar. When the evening is spent in the hunt lodge, in addition to the violin and guitar, several other musical instruments are brought into requisition, and a small orchestra is soon formed.

But woe to the man who is so unfortunate as to miss killing a deer when the opportunity to kill one presents itself! If he lets the deer escape without shooting it, he is tried by a court, in which his fellow hunters sit in judgment. If there are no extenuating circumstances, he is made to pay a penalty. One man acts as judge, another as sheriff. A jury is also empaneled, and one "lawyer" represents the club and another the defendant. When the man who has missed the deer is formally declared by the court to be guilty, the sheriff, often assisted by the jury, loses no time in collecting the fine, which is usually a strip of percale or gingham.

ARE CURIOUS BIRD HABITS

Goldfinch Gets Dth Bed and Board from Thistles.

SNEAK TRICK OF COWBIRD

Immense Numbers of Robins Killed in Southern States by the Stew Pot. Effort to Check the Slaughter.

By EDWARD B. CLARK.

(Associate member American Ornithologists' Union, author of "Birds of Lakes and Prairie," etc.)

Go to the rills of the city or to the lanes of the countryside in this hot July month, and look overhead you may hear a tinkling note. Look upward, and you will see a bird in livery of black and gold swing, taking its flight above mother earth in a series of sweeping curves, dipping downward and forward, mounting again to a point in the horizontal line of its departure and then down again, up again, following a course which gives a constant succession of the curved line of beauty.

The goldfinch almost invariably sings as it flies, adding the music of its voice to the rhythm of its movement. The goldfinch (spinus tristis) is just now building its nest. The robins have their second broods well on the way to caring for themselves; the blackbirds are flocking for their late summer foraging, and the native sparrows have deserted their second broods of the season, but the goldfinch laggard in love, is just beginning to risk of domestic joys.

GOLDFINCH LIVES ON THISTLES. There is a curious feature in the life of a friend in yellow and black. He makes one plant serve for his board and lodge. The seeds of the thistle are the choicest morsels in the goldfinch's bill of fare. He eats, with its fellows, millions upon millions of the seeds of this farmer's pest, and in the eating kills the life of the seed. From the downy part of the thistle top the goldfinch makes the lining of its nest. Literally the bird makes the thistle furnish both bed and board. It has been supposed that the reason for

the late mating and nesting of the goldfinches is that they wish to wait until their favorite food and their favorite building material have been put upon the market in a ripened state by the rays of the sun. It is true that occasionally the goldfinch will take other downy stuff to form a couch for its young. They will pull soft bits from the raveled end of a clothes line and make it answer the purpose of thistle down, and a bit of waste cotton fills their little hearts with delight. But it is to the thistle that they turn with all the devotion of a true son of Scotland.

The goldfinch doffs his yellow and black



MALE GOLDFINCH FEEDING THE YOUNG. THIS BIRD STANDS BETWEEN MAN AND A PLAGUE OF THISTLES.

(Photographed From Life.)

the southland. He has simply changed his coat.

GOLDFINCH A MODEL HUSBAND.

Master Goldfinch is a devoted husband and father. He feeds his sitting mate, and when the young are in the nest, he shares with her the duty of filling their hungry mouths. Recently in order to secure a satisfactory picture of a goldfinch home and young it became necessary to cut away the leaves which shielded the nest from the hot July sun. When the mother bird felt that the heat of noon-day was too great for the little ones she placed herself upon the edge of the nest and, spreading her wings, formed a canopy over her offspring. There she stay-

birds' nests in situ, recently secured a picture of a shore lark's nest, which contained in addition to its complement of lark's eggs two eggs of the cowbird.

Not long ago I personally found the nest of a yellow warbler containing four eggs of the cowbird. The warbler (Dendroica aestiva) completed its nest on Sunday afternoon, Tuesday morning it contained four cowbirds' eggs and not one egg of the rightful owner of the home. The yellow warbler deserted in disgust. I drove her away again and she was to visit was absent, and then slunk through the underbrush, pausing every few yards to look about, and finally ended in one swift dash for the nest. I chased the bird away and then retired to a distance. She was back inside of five minutes. I drove her away again and she would have killed her with pleasure had I the means at hand, for he felt that one warbler is warbler (ten cowbirds and if that cowbird egg had found lodging in the warbler's nest it meant that every little warbler which might be hatched would soon meet death by starvation.

ROBIN SLAUGHTER IN SOUTH.

Something was said in a previous article about the economic value of the robin. There has just been issued by the national committee of Audubon societies an educational leaflet on this bird. The printed matter was prepared by Wm. Dutcher, a New York city, chairman of the protection committee of the American Ornithologists' Union. Mr. Dutcher is one of the foremost bird authorities in the United States. The publication of the leaflet is no recent, bearing as it does the date of July, 1901. It is an extract from a book on the robin, which is regarded as man's friend. Mr. Dutcher says: "Wherever the robin breeds within the confines of civilization man is its friend, and a mutual attachment has grown up that borders on sentiment. The robin's winter home in the southland all is different, for there no sentiment but birds. The birds make a winter home in the southland is simply a tender morsel to be made an integral part of a stew or a pie. In the upper parts are olive gray. The tail is tipped with yellow and upon the wings are drops of red substance like song wax. The bird's plumage is like a glove. It is the one bird of the whole tribe of birds which can sit with day back to a howling wind in even ruffle of feather. It has the secret of being well groomed upon all occasions.

The robin, like the goldfinch, is not afraid of winter weather. There is no sight more charming and more novel than to see a number of cedar birds alighting on a tree branch during a gentle snowstorm, and launching out, one after another, to seize the falling feathery flakes. The birds make a winter sport of snowflake catching. Possibly the white flakes remind them of the petals of springtime apple blossoms, of which the birds are rather fond than the fruit raiser might wish.

THE COWBIRD'S TRICK. Wandering through the fields on bird observing bent, in this summer season, a not infrequent sight will be that of some male of a mother bird feeding a youngster of more than double her size. It is perhaps almost needless to say that the youngster is a cowbird. Ordinarily, however, the food-providing mother is really only a foster mother. The female cowbird skulks through the fields and woods, and drops her eggs into the nests of other birds, selecting usually the homes of birds which are much smaller than herself. Occasionally the birds which have been imposed upon will desert the nest or build an additional story to it, thus cutting off the parasite egg from the benefit of the sitting. Ordinarily, however, the victim lays her own eggs and hatches them with the egg of the cowbird, which as a rule the parent bird hatches first. The young cowbird, being larger than its host mates, claims nearly all the food, and the lives of its foster brothers and sisters are sacrificed. The foster mother will lead forth the break-brooding young one and care for it with all the tenderness that she would have shown her legitimate offspring.

The shore lark, often called the horned lark (Otocoris alpestris) frequently is imposed upon by the cowbird. Robert W. Wagner, who has photographed many

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GIRLS WHO TOIL



THE FACTORY GIRL.

There is, perhaps, no one class of working girls about whom so much has been written as the factory girl. Poets have sung of her "wearisome winding coil on coil." All classes of novelists have written concerning her. The sensational novelist has produced story after story of beautiful factory girls, villainous foremen and handsome heroes. More careful and cultured writers have lived among these girls, learned their manners and customs, and have written excellent stories, giving to the public a true account of the factory girl, her life and trials, instead of a false and exaggerated description of foolish love affairs and enamored millionaires. Socialists have written articles after articles concerning the democratic and independent spirit of the factory girl. Philanthropists have sought, by lecture and press, to interest the world in various schemes for the so considered, advancement of these girls.

What knowledge has been gained by all this investigation and effort? Merely this: That human nature, especially wo-

men's nature, is about the same the world over, whether it be among the rich or poor, the cultured or ignorant; and that where twenty or more girls or women are working or idling together, whether it be in the school-room among children, or in the workshop or the social drawing-room, there will be sudden friendships and enmities, unreasonable likes and dislikes, strange combinations of strength and weakness, much talk of love and lovers and much thought of dress. These factory girls are no better, no worse, than their sisters who toil or iddle at home.

In the early morning, before the ma-

larity of people are astir, these girls may be seen hastening to their work. From the heart of the city, from the distant suburbs, from comfortable homes, from miserable hovels, from crowded boarding houses, from lonely lodgings, singly and in groups, some riding, some walking, hundreds and hundreds of factory girls go forth to their daily toil. Who are these girls? Some of them are girls reared in luxury, but who on account of reverses must now earn their living and being unfitted for work, that requires special preparation, they do that which they find to be willing labor. Some are girls who work to be independent, they want their own money. Some are country girls, who have come to the city to labor in the factory because in the modest country home there was "little to earn and many to keep."

Some are silly, romantic girls and some are sensible, practical girls, some are women supporting large families, and some are mere children, who are toiling to earn their living. All are working ten long hours per day to support themselves.

The work which these girls do of course depends upon the factory in which they are employed. There are the tobacco factories, box factories, cotton mills, shirt factories and various others too numerous to mention. Each has its own peculiar tasks, the work in the box factories requiring, perhaps, the least skill, while some of the work in the tobacco factories is almost a trade. In all, the work is laborious and wearying in the extreme. A start is made at 7 A. M., then steadily on until noon, an hour, or sometimes a half-hour, for dinner, and on again until 6 P. M. (or in case of the half-hour relief), until 5:30 P. M.

Often the delicate girl is worn out more by the steadiness than the quality of the work. The factory girl is not, as some think, more harshly treated than other working girls. They sustain about the same relation to their employers as do girls in other situations, and here the careful girl who does her work well is as much appreciated as anywhere. In fact, it would be hard to find a more independent and rights-demanding set of girls than those who work in the larger factories.

There are two especially distressing features connected with factory work. First, the employment of children. God-speed the day when every State in our glorious Union shall prohibit child-labor. There is in this life no greater tragedy than the toll-worn child, old in suffering, wise in world wisdom, distrustful of every one, having little or nothing more commendable than the faithful performance of duty, but that duty what is it?

The social life of the factory girl is often a gay one. Dances, theatres and various social gatherings are as much indulged in as if she knew not daily toil. The majority of them have their sweet hearts, who generally accompany them on these social occasions. It is not usual in a factory to find a predominance of old maids; most of the girls are sure to marry. There is a tendency among some of the girls to overdress. A woman should at all times and under all circumstances make the most of her charms and there is small blame to any girl, who works for her own money, if she spends it for those dainty gowns dear to the feminine soul, but there is a law of fitness that governs all things, even dress, which many women fail to understand.

As a class these girls are very true to each other. Any real or fancied injury to one girl in a large factory causes the most bitter feeling and the most excited argument. It would be interesting to attempt of human nature to hear the variously proposed methods of revenge which follow the oft repeated phrase "I know what I would do." Some advise quick and decisive action, some a pre-meditated and well-designed punishment, while others counsel moderation and time. The lunch hour of such occasions becomes a veritable debating society.

In conclusion, the factory girl is just like other girls. What is dear to the ordinary girl is dear to her. She, like the majority of the women of to-day, is working for her living. If she does it faithfully, she deserves just as much credit as the female M. D. or the D. There is in all this universe nothing more commendable than the faithful performance of duty, but that duty what is it?

"All service ranks the same with God. With God, who puppets, best and worst are we; there is no last nor first."

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8, 10, 12 SOUTH NINTH STREET.

ROBIN, NEST AND YOUNG. MILLIONS OF THESE BIRDS ARE "SHOT FOR THE POT" EVERY WINTER IN THE SOUTH.

(Photographed From Life.)

the crops. The Southern State Legislatures recently have experienced a change of heart and they now are ready to throw the arm of protection about birds which make a winter resort of the southland.

Cause and Effect.

Quizzem—Hello, Pat! I hear you went out on a strike.
Pat—That's right. Ol' struck for short-er hours, Ol' dumme.
Quizzem—Did you get them?
Pat—Ol' did. Ol' got wurkin' at all now, Ol' sorry!—Chicago News.

man's nature, is about the same the world over, whether it be among the rich or poor, the cultured or ignorant; and that where twenty or more girls or women are working or idling together, whether it be in the school-room among children, or in the workshop or the social drawing-room, there will be sudden friendships and enmities, unreasonable likes and dislikes, strange combinations of strength and weakness, much talk of love and lovers and much thought of dress. These factory girls are no better, no worse, than their sisters who toil or iddle at home.

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